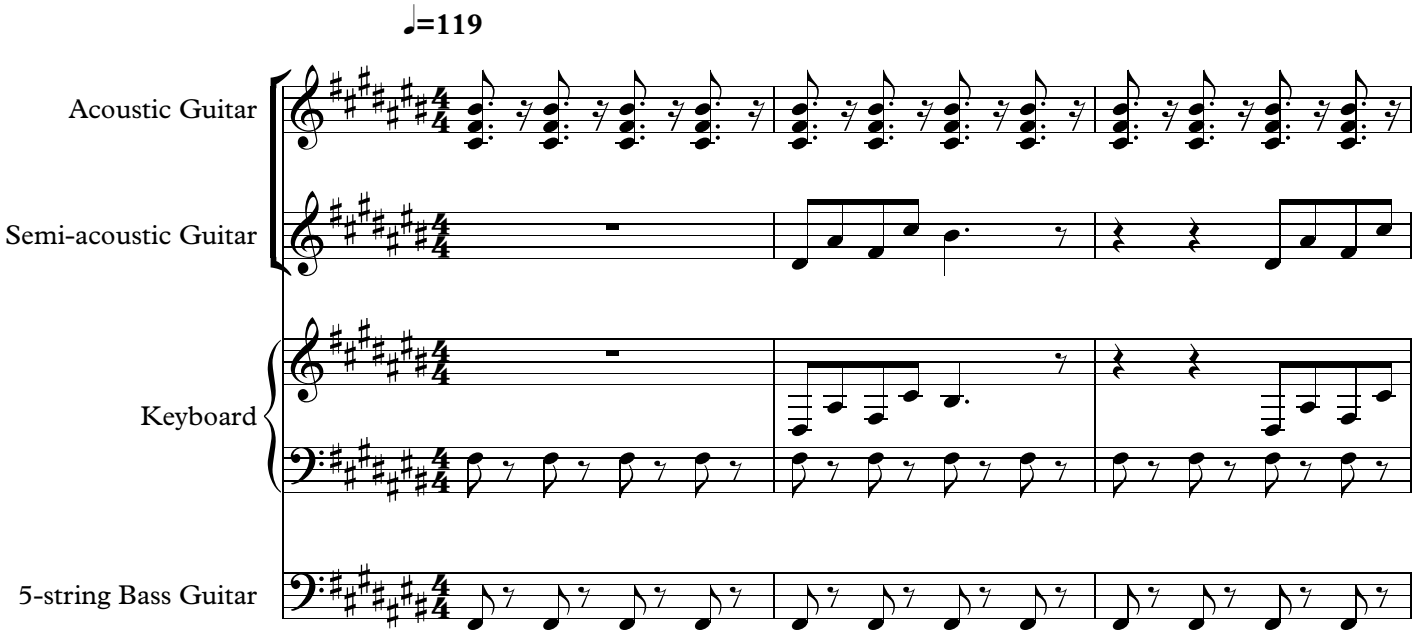
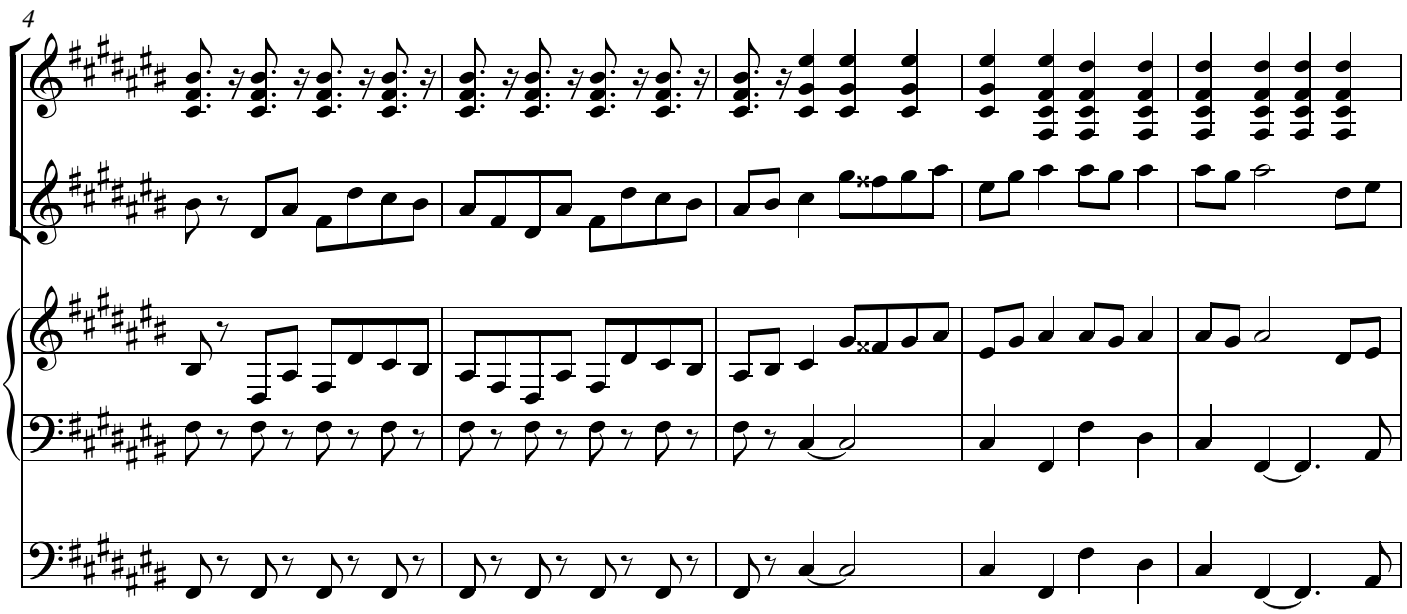
Sunday

Steve Kusaba

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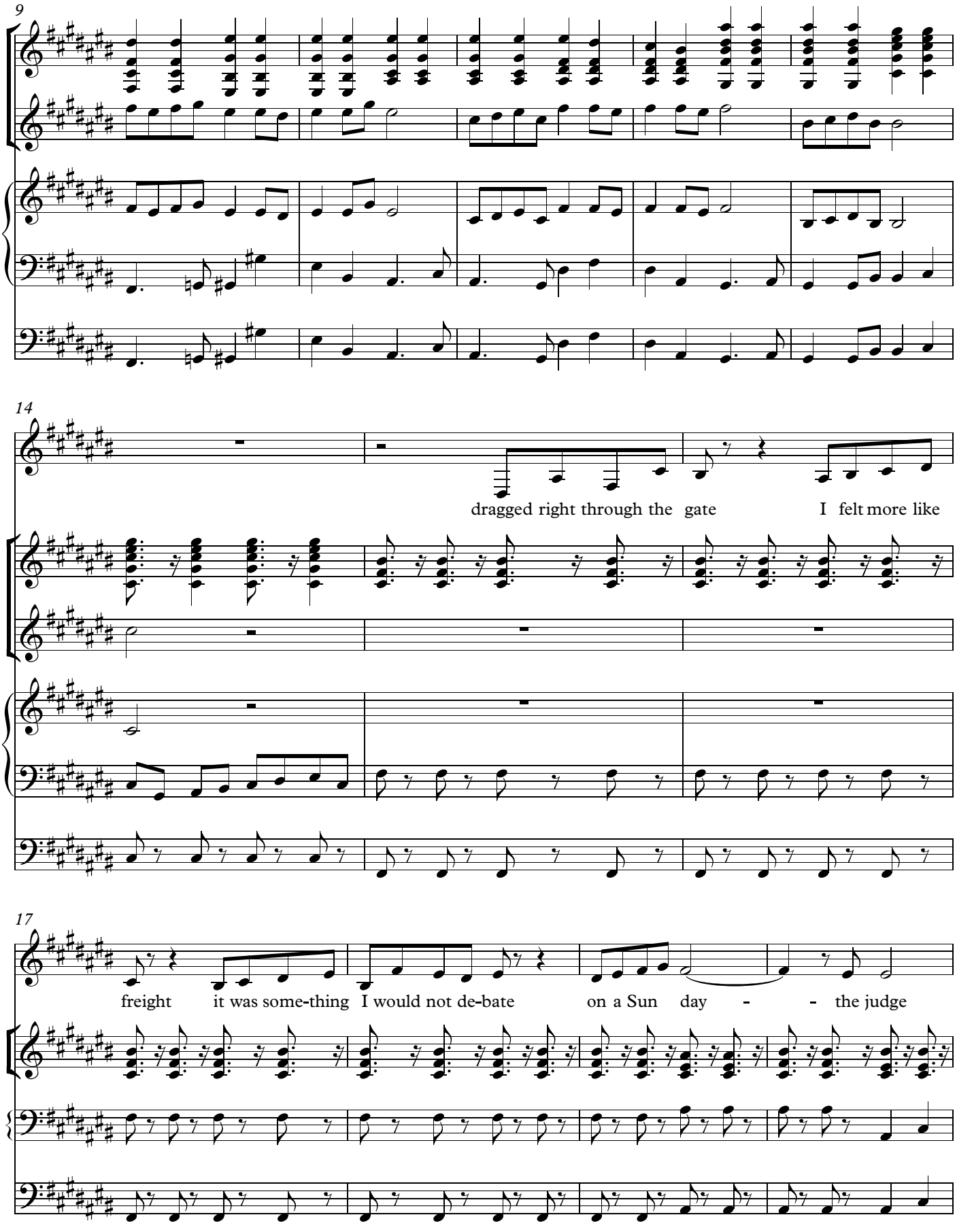
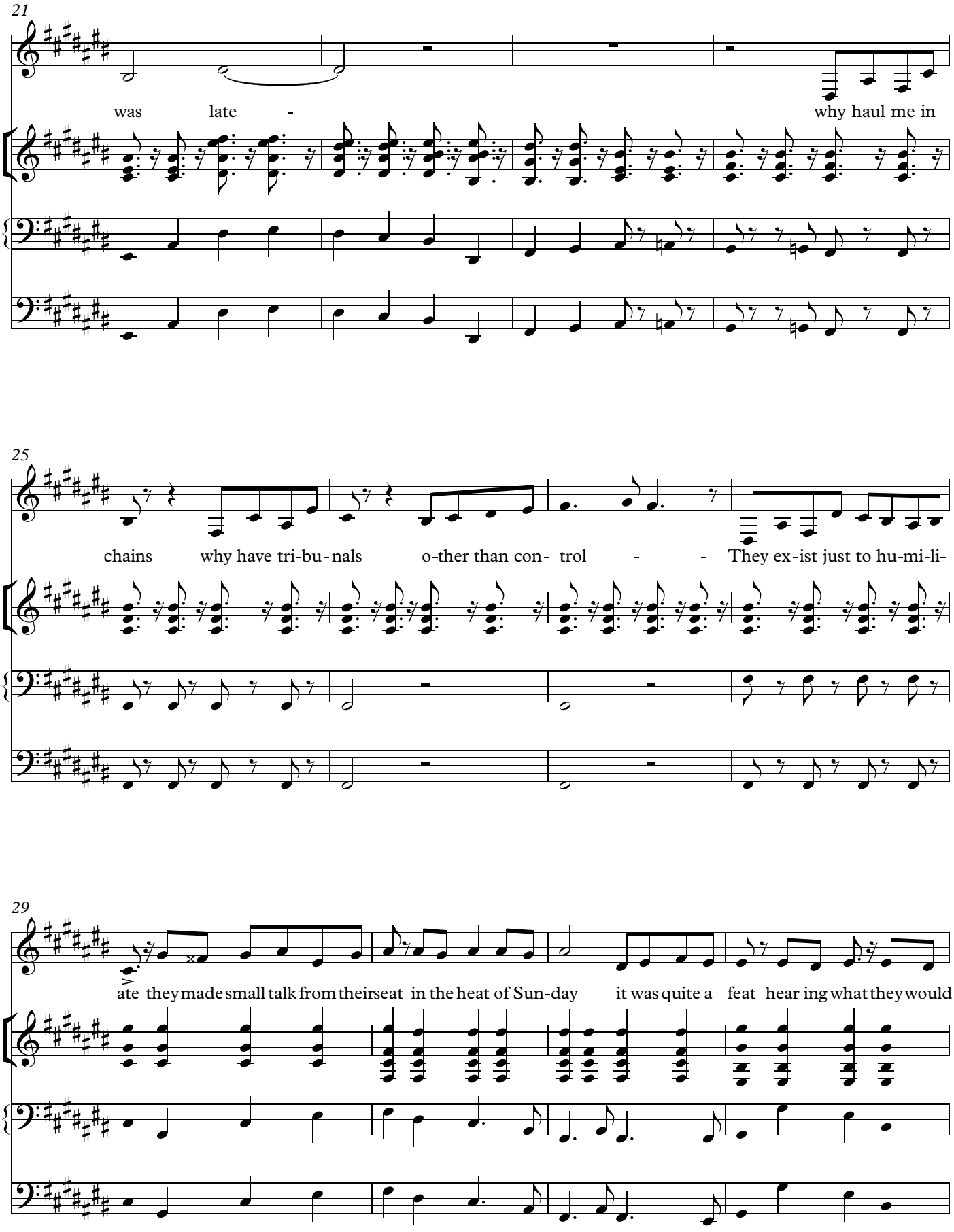
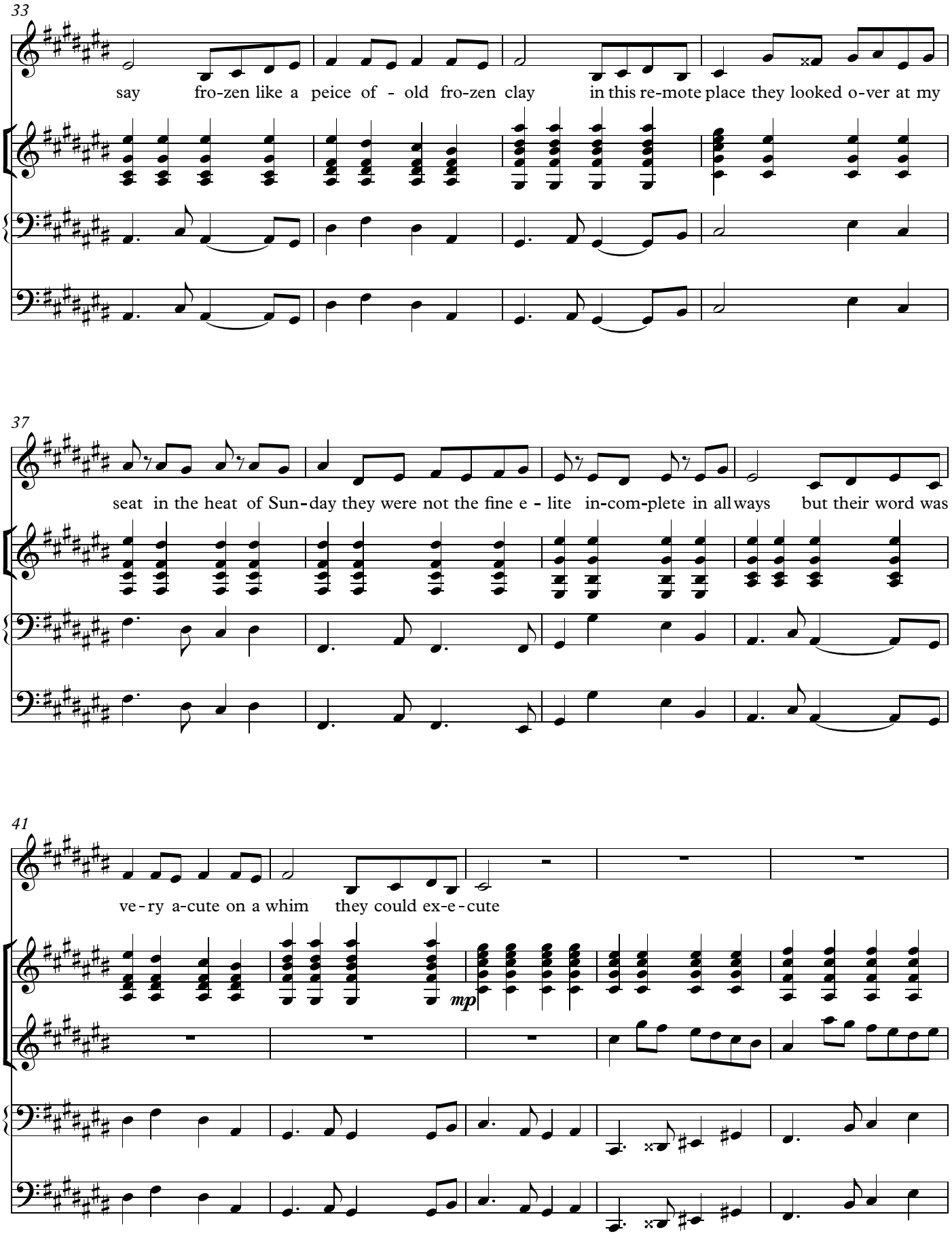
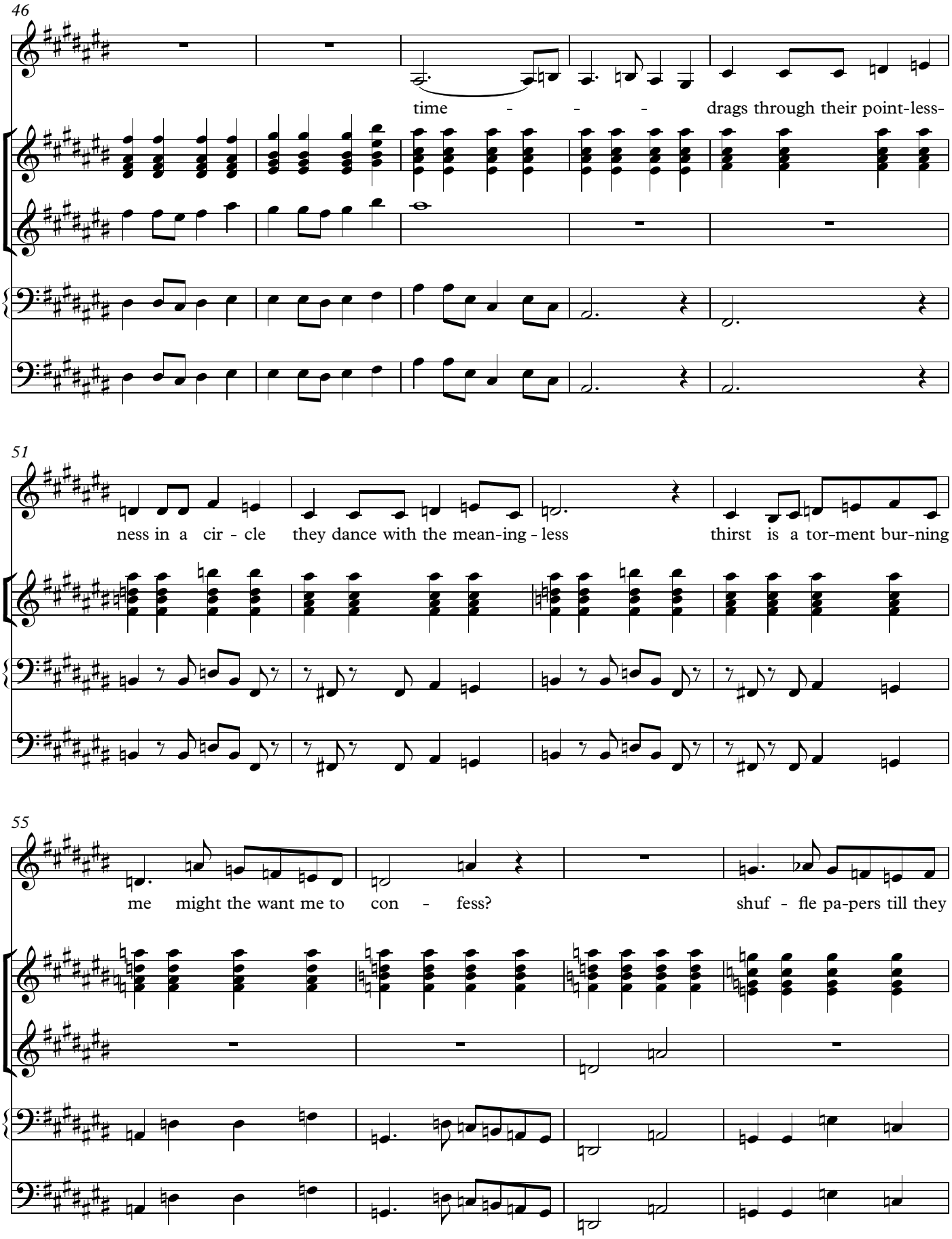
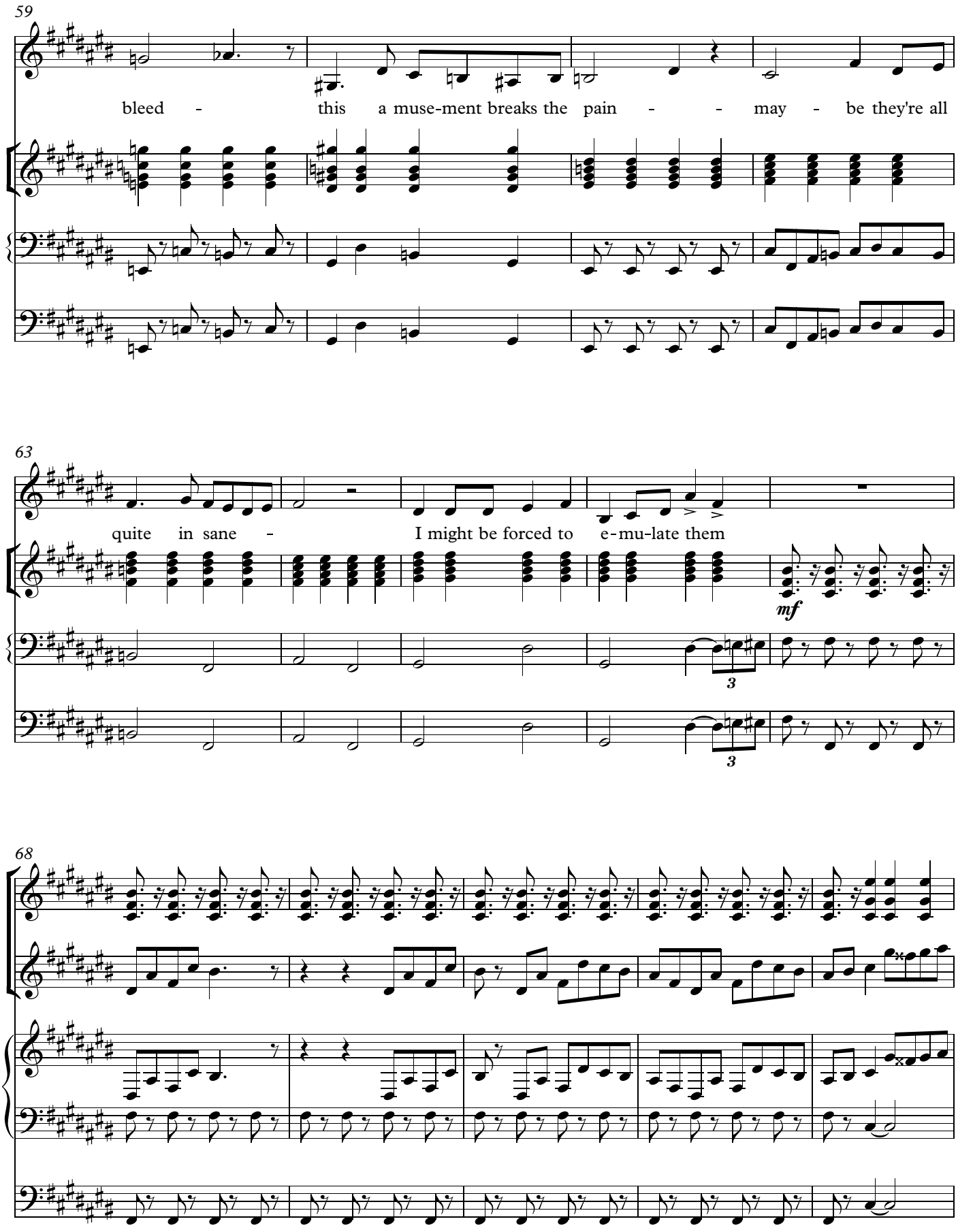
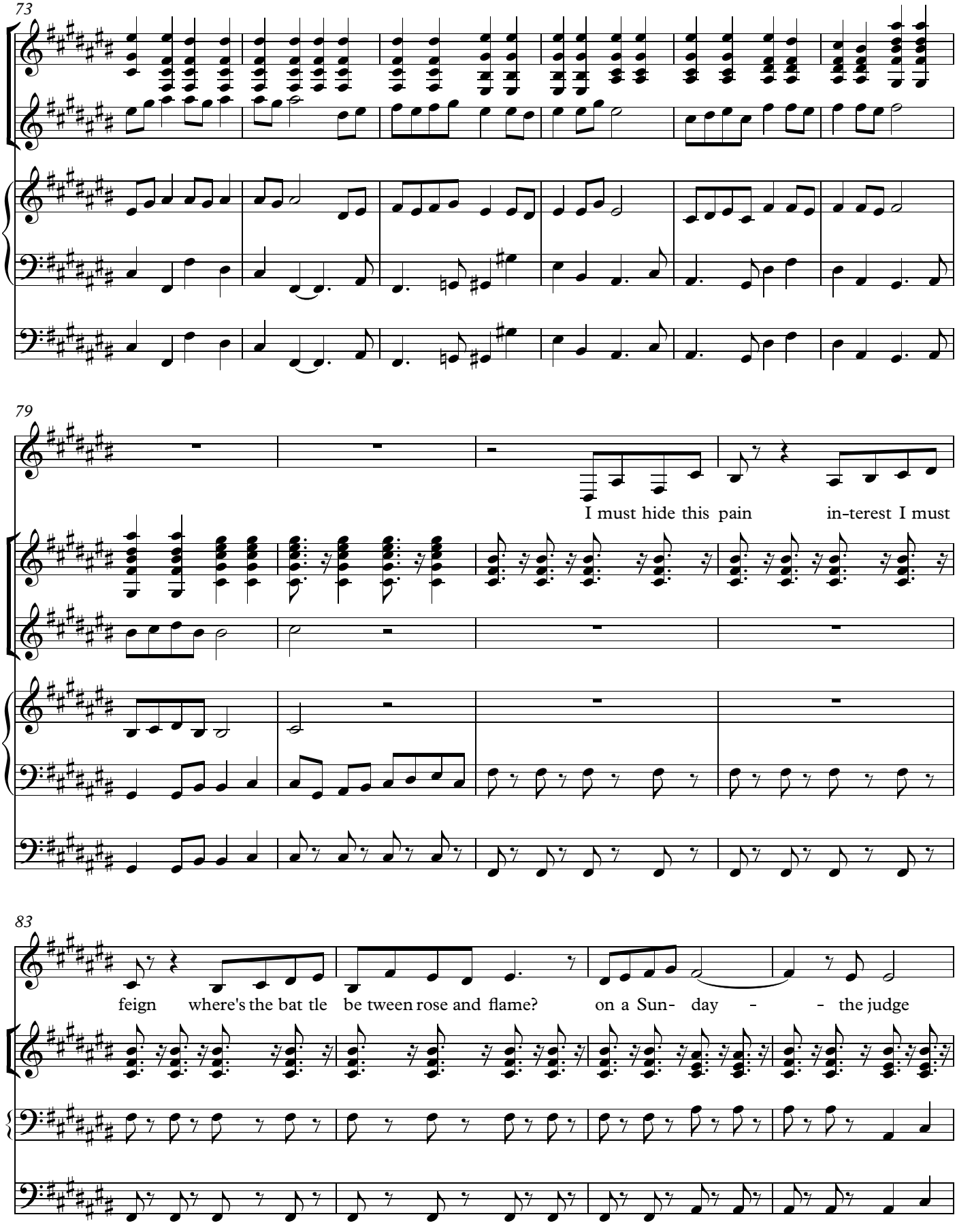

9
14
dragged right through the gate
I felt more like
17
freight
it was some-thing I would not de-bate
on a Sun day - - the judge

21
was late -
why haul me in
25
chains why have tri-bu-nals o-ther than con- trol - - They ex-ist just to hu-mi-li-
29
ate they made small talk from their seat in the heat of Sun-day it was quite a feat hear ing what they would

33
say fro-zen like a peice of - old fro-zen clay in this re-mote place they looked o-ver at my
37
seat in the heat of Sun-day they were not the fine e - lite in-com-plete in all ways but their word was
41
ve-ry a-cute on a whim they could ex-e-cute
mp

46
time - - - drags through their point-less-
51
ness in a cir - cle they dance with the mean-ing - less thirst is a tor-ment bur-ning
55
me might the want me to con - fess? shuf - fle pa-pers till they

59
bleed - this a muse-ment breaks the pain - - may - be they're all
63
quite in sane - I might be forced to e-mu-late them
mf
3
3
68

73
79
I must hide this pain in-terest I must
83
feign where's the bat tle be tween rose and flame? on a Sun- day - - the judge

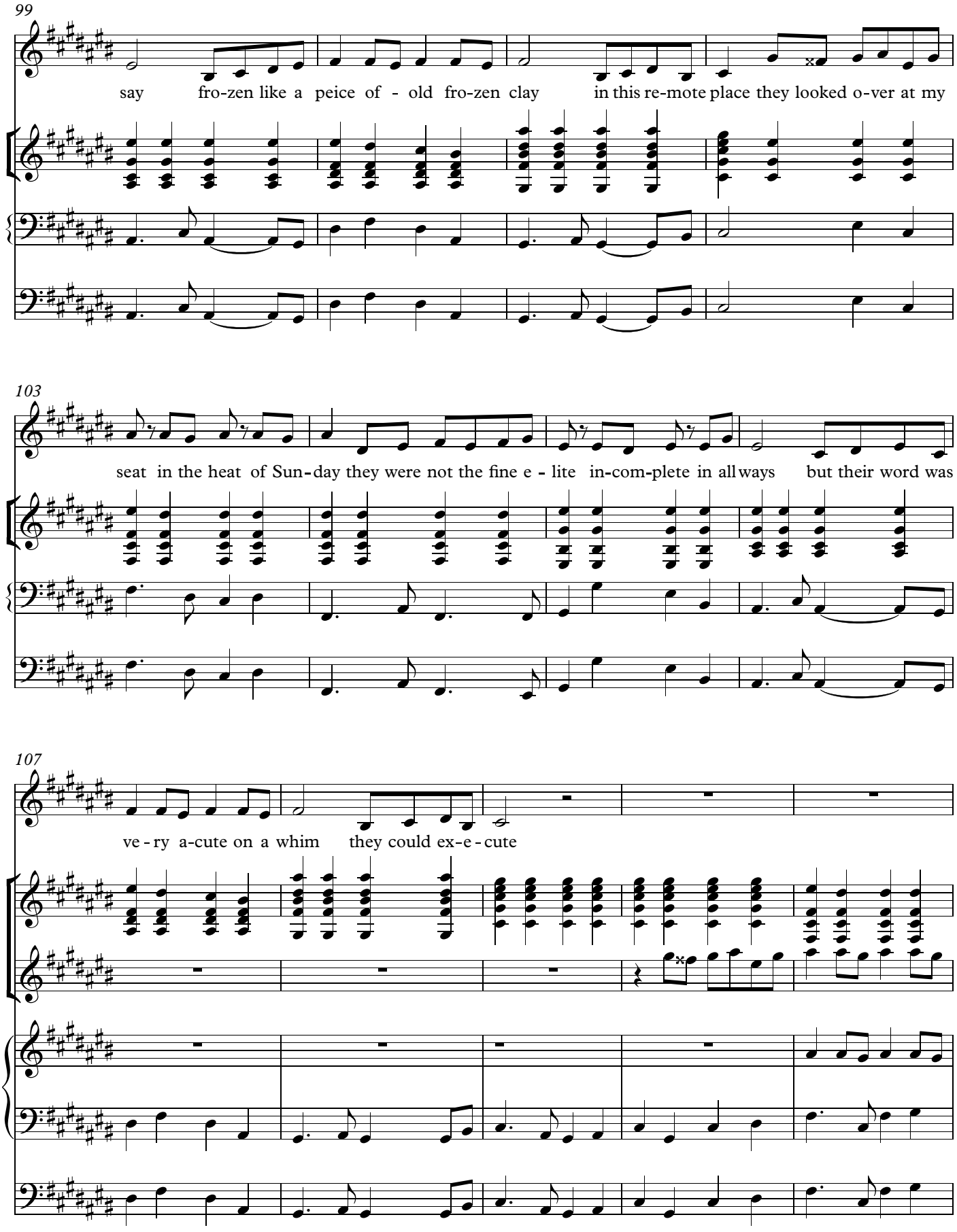
87

ne - ver came - why must they do

91

this? toy with sol-diers fate? for some sil-ver they will kiss They-love - to hu-mi-li-

95

ate they made small talk from their seat in the heat of Sun-day it was quite a feat hear ing what they would

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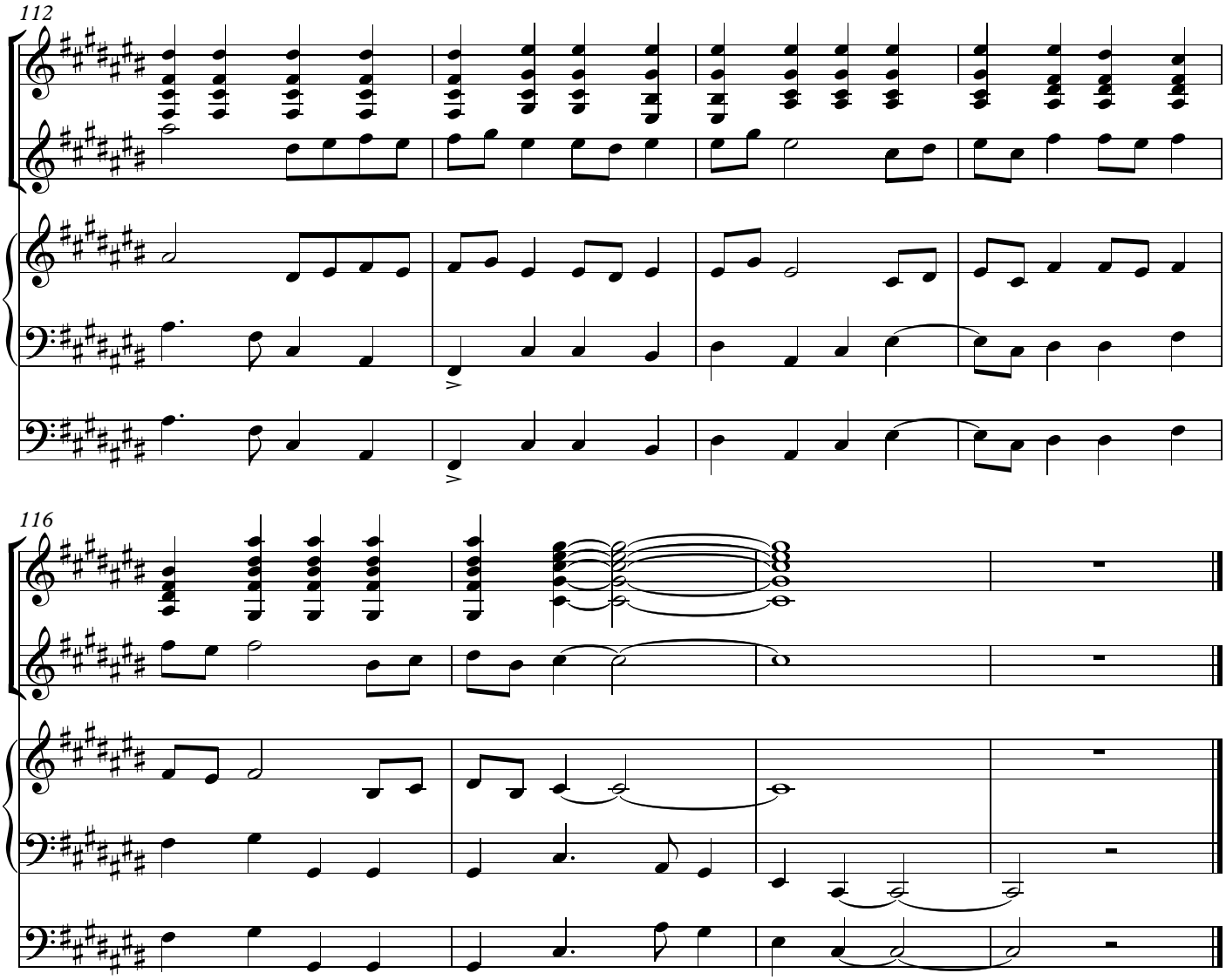
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